THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO *and* IVLIET.

Enter Sampson *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the house of* Capulet.

Samp *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carry Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller:
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moues me.
Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand. Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
Gre. The quarrell is betweene our masters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuill with the maides, I will cut off their heads.